

Love, Robert, Jr.

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Robertus Love

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

An Appreciation of Lincoln

By Robertus Love

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SOMEWHAR down thar round Hodgenville, Kaintucky,
Or tharabouts, a hundred year ago,
Was born a boy ye wouldn't thought was lucky;
Looked like he never wouldn't have a show.
But * * * I don't know.
That boy was started middlin' well, I'm thinkin'.
His name? W'y, it was Abraham—Abe Lincoln.

PORE whites his folks was? Yes, as pore as any.
Them pioneers, they wa'n't no plutocrats;
Belonged right down among the humble many,
And no more property than dogs or cats.
But * * * maybe that's
As good a way as any for a startin'.
Abe Lincoln, he riz middlin' high, for sartin!

SOMEHOW I've always had a sort o' sneakin'
Idee that peddygrees is purty much
Like monkeys' tails—so long they're apt to weaken
The yap that drags 'em round. No use for such!
But * * * beats the Dutch
How now and then a lad like Little Aby
Grows up a president—or guvnor, maybe.

ABE LINCOLN never had no reg'lar schoolin';
He never quarterbacked nor pulled stroke oar,
Nor never spent his time and money foolin'
With buried langwidges and ancient lore.
But * * * Abe l'arned more
To set him forrer'd in the human filin'
Than all the college fellers' kit and bilin'.

ABE LINCOLN never did git hifalutin'—
Not even thar in Washin'ton, D. C.
He jist kep' common, humble, ord'n'ry, suitin'
His backwoods corn patch raisin' to a T.
But * * * jiminy gee!
W'y, Abe was any statesman's peer and ekul
And wise as Solomon or old Ezekul.

IRECKON I'm a bit old fashioned, maybe,
But when I want a pattern for a man
I'm middlin' shore to measure Father Aby
And cut to fit his homely human plan.
And long 's I can
I'm hootin' loud and rootin' proud, by hucky,
For that old boy from Hodgenville, Kaintucky!

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Robertus Love

FARM TOPICS, FEB. 1930

Love Robertus

AN APPRECIATION OF LINCOLN

"Somewhar down thar round
Hodgenville, Kaintucky,"

An Appreciation of Lincoln

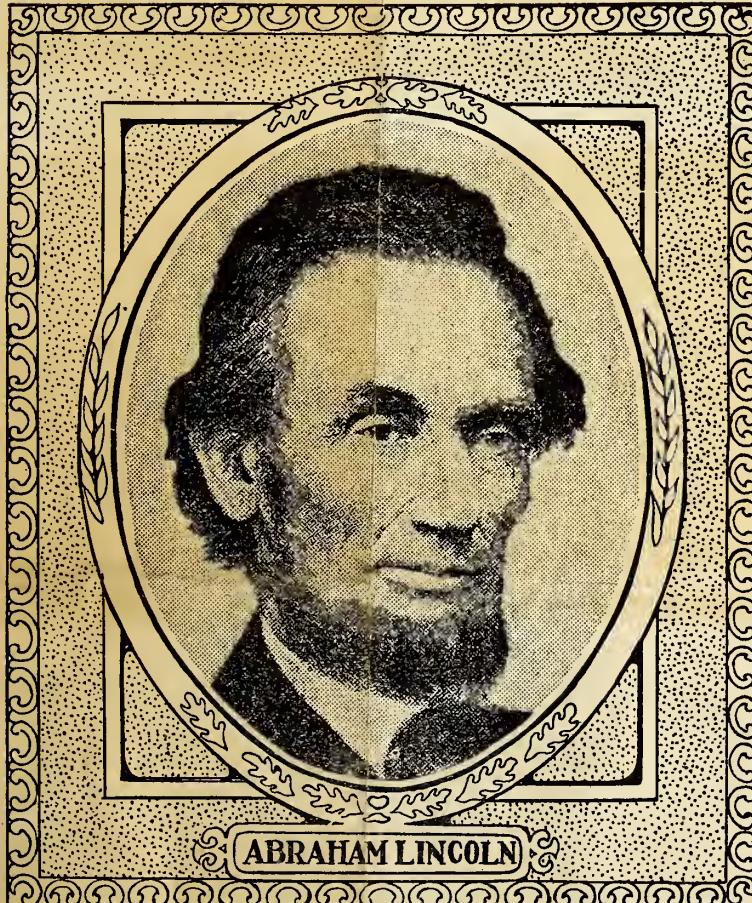
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J WRIGHT

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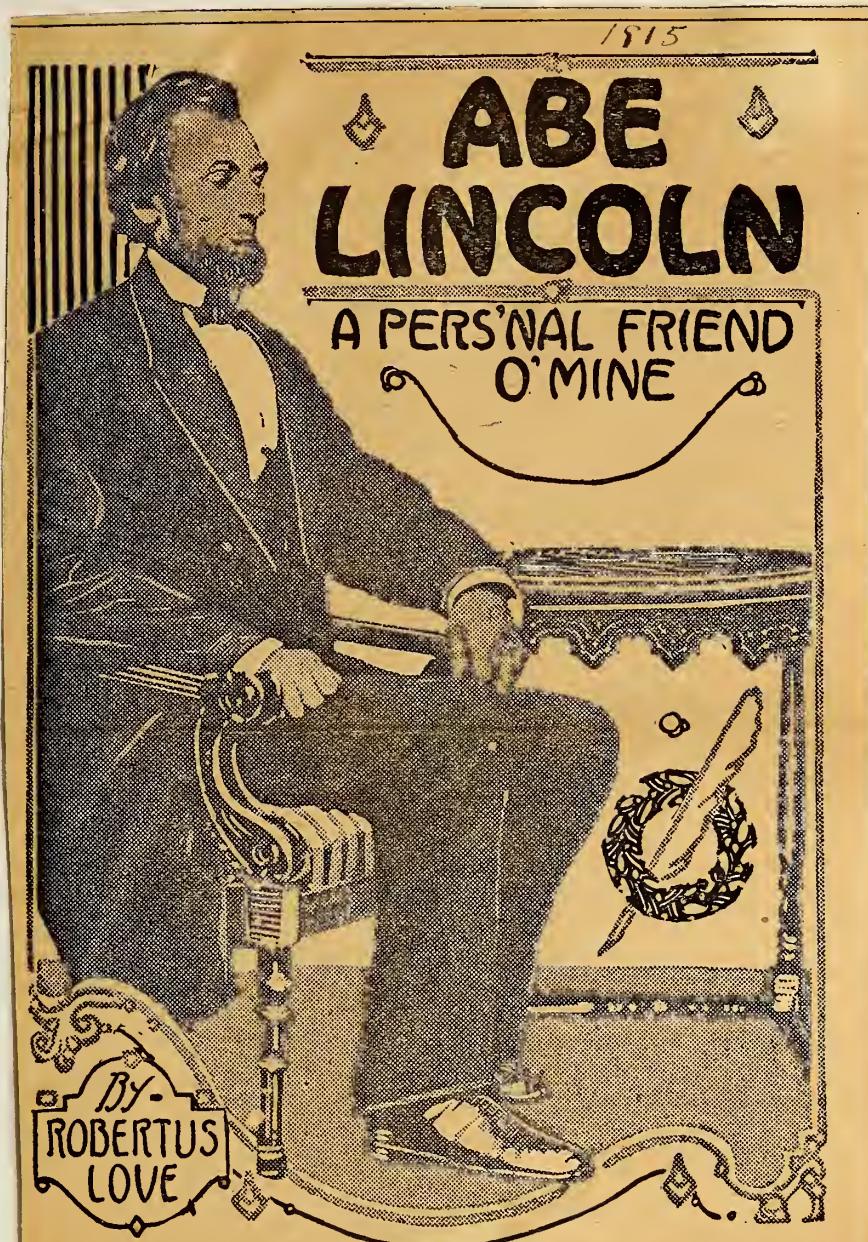
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Love, Robertus

Abe Lincoln, Pers'nal Friend O'Mine

"Why, yes, they're family pictures all"



Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.

"Jest setting in that very cheer * * *
He'd talk with me about my crops."

WHY, yes, they're family pictures all
You see a-hangin' on the wall.
There's dad and mother, little Gabe,
Aunt Mary, Caroline and Abe—
Why, sure—Abe Lincoln. Well, now, he
Is not exac'ly kin to me—
That is, he's not my fam'ly line,
But Abe's a pers'nal friend o' mine.

DID I know Lincoln? Do you mean
To ask me if I ever *seen*
Abe Lincoln? Why, of course not, man,
Seein' as how my life began
After his own run out. By gum!
D' you think I'm old Methuselum?
Still, all the same, I sort o' know
Old Abe, but I don't mean to blow.

J WR 11/11

YES, sir! It's always seemed to me
I've knowed Abe Lincoln, seein' he
Is jest my sort—the friendly kind
And neighbor-like. He wouldn't mind,
I reckon, now, if he was here,
Jest settin' in that very cheer
You're in; he'd cross his long, lean props
And talk with me about my crops.

HE never was stuck up, I think,
Abe wasn't. Bet he'd come and drink
A glass o' cider here with us
And never mind about the muss
The childern make. By hokey! Well,
I bet he'd jest set there and tell
A story, same as you or Bill,
And laugh about it fit to kill!

ABE LINCOLN was so human! Why,
I've read a lot about these high
Up fellers, sech as princes, kings
And dukes and emperors and things.
That there Napoleon Bonypart
Could lick the earth, but had no heart.
Abe Lincoln, he was diff'rent; he
Was human, same as you and me.

ABE wasn't spoilt by power and place.
Why, you can read that in his face,
So kindly-like, as if he had
A mission to make people glad,
And yet a sort o' sadness, too,
As if he felt put out and blue
Because folks suffered. Sometimes I,
A-studyin' Abe, purt' nearly cry.

AND so I've hung his picture there
'Longside o' dad's, for, I declare,
It seems like me and Lincoln might
Be kinfolks, and I love the sight
O' him along with dad and mother,
Aunt Mary, Caroline and other
Folks really in my fam'ly line,
For Abe's a pers'nal friend o' mine.

Love, Robertus

"Abe Lincoln? Wull, I reckon! Not a mile f'om where we be,"

AT LINCOLN'S TOMB

Robertus Love

(Being the Reminiscences of the Honorable Jason Pettigrew, of Calhoun County, Illinois, in 1895)

Abe Lincoln? Wull, I reckon! Not a mile f'om where we be,
Right here in Springfield, Illinois, Abe used to room with me.
He represented Sangamon, I tried it for Calhoun,
And me and Abe was cronies then; I'll not forget it soon.

I'll not forget them happy days we used to sort o' batch together in a little room that didn't have no latch to keep the other fellers out that liked to come and stay
And hear them dasted funny thin's Abe Lincoln used to say.

Them days Abe Lincoln and myself was pore as anything;
Job's turkey wasn't porer, but we used to laff and sing,
And Abe was clean chuck full o' fun, but he was sharp as tacks,
For that there comic face o' his'n was fort, fied with fac's.

Some fellers used to laff at Abe because his boots and pants
Appeared to be on distant terms, but when he'd git a chance
We'd give 'em sick a drubbin' that they'd clean forgot his looks,
For Abe made up in common sense the things he lacked in books.

Wull, nex' election I got beat, and Abe come back alone;
I kep' a-clinkin' on the farm, pervidin' for my own.
You see, I had a woman and two twins that called me paw,
And Abe he kep' a-clinkin', too, at politic and law.

I didn't hear much more of Abe out there in old Calhoun,
For I was out o' politics and kinder out o' chune
With things that happened, but 'way back I'd named
my two twin boys---
One Abraham, one Lincoln---finest team in Illinois.

Wull, here one day I read that Abe's among the candidates
(My old friend Abe!) for president o' these United States.
And, though I had the rheumatiz and felt run-down
and blue,
I entered politics ag'in and helped to pull him through

And when nex' spring he called for men to fetch their
grit and guns
And keep the ship o' state afloat I sent him both my
sons,
And would 'a' gone myself and loved to make the bul-
lets whiz
'F it hadn't b'en I couldn't walk account o' rheumatiz.

Hull, Abe---my little Abe, I mean---he started out
with Grant;
They buried him at Shiloh. . . . Excuse me, but I
can't
Help feelin' father-like, you know, for them was likely
boys;
The' wasn't two another sich that went f'om Illinois.

And Lincoln---my son Lincoln---he went on by his-
self,
A-grievin' for his brother Abe they'd laid upon the
shelf,
And when he come to Ficksburg he was all threshed out
and sick,
And yit when there was fightin' Link fit right in the
thick.

One night afore them Johnnies' guns my pore boy went
to sleep
On picket dooty. . . . No, sir; 'tain't the shade
that makes me weep.
It's now Abe Lincoln, president, at Washin'ton, D.C.,
Had time to ricollect the days he used to room with
me!

For don't you know I wrote to him the 'd sentenced
to be shot
is namesake, Lincoln Pettigrew, in shade to die and
rot,
The son o' his old cron, and the last o' my twin boys
he used to plague me so about at Springfield, Illinois.

Did he? Did Abe? Hull, now, he sent a telegraph so
quick
It burnt them bottles on the poles and made the light-
nin' sick!
"I pardon Lincoln Pettigrew. A. Lincoln, President."
The boy has got that paper yit, the telegraph Abe sent.

I guess I knowed Abe Lincoln, and now I've come down
here---
Firs' time I be'en in Springfield for nigh on sixty year---
To see his grave and tombstone, because . . . be-
cause, you see,
We legislated in cahoots, Abe Lincoln did, and me.

This poem appears in The Praise of Lincoln, An Anthology
by A. Dallas Williams. Pages 21, 22, 23.

Flint Public Schools

Flint, Michigan

February 9, 1950

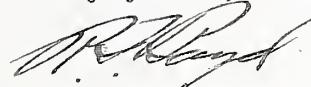
Dr. Louis A. Warren
Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. Warren:

O. J. Heber from Royal Oak has just suggested that I request to be put on the mailing list for Lincoln Lore. I shall appreciate such courtesy.

Enclosed please find a copy of "At Lincoln's Tomb" by Robertus Love, a copy of which I clipped from some publication in Colorado about forty years ago. It is found, I'm advised, in The Praise of Lincoln, an anthology by A. Dallas Williams.

Sincerely yours,



Richard T. Boyd, Principal
Lowell Jr. High School

*For m. C.
I acknowledge poem*

RTB:jc
enc. 1

Love, Robertus

Where origin is known credit is given.

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